

THE Fifteen Plagues

O F

A Lawyer,
A Quack Doctor,
A Recruiting Captain,
A *Fleetstreet* Madam,
A Pawn Broker,
A Tally-Man,
A Bailiff,
An Excise-man,
A Userer,
A *Wapping* Crimp,
A Purser and Steward of
a Ship,
A Baker,
A Meal-man,
A Corn-Chandler,

An Apothecary,
A Car-man,
A Water-man,
A Brewer,
An Ale-house-Keeper,
A Vintner,
A Taylor,
A Perriwig-maker,
A Mantua-maker,
A Stock-Jobber,
An *Exchange* Broker,
A Coffee-house,
A Brandy-Shop,
A Butcher, and
A Poulterer.

To which is added,
The Fifteen Plagues of a Foot-man,
Coach-man, Butler, Cook-maid, Cham-
ber-maid, and Nursery-Maid.



The Fifteen Plagues, &c.

IF there on Earth be One that has not met,
Some Plague or other, from this blessed Set.
And will give Evidence thereof before,
Some Magistrate, shall have Ten Pounds or more.
Like those who When in Wed-lock ne'er mistaken,
Within a Year, obtain'd the Flitch of Bacon.

A L A W Y E R.

THE Lawer first amongst this Rout shall stand,
The Head of all the K—ves that plague the
To Inns of Court he first comes up to Town, (Land,
Perhaps the Son of some rich Conuntry Clown.
Who breeds him to the Law, in hopes to be,
The Top of all his mean-born Family.
Accordingly he first begins to Hate,
All Honesty to get a good Estate ;
He Cheats his Clients, Bribes on both Sides takes,
And most uneasie all his Neighbours makes :
Creating Suits of Law betwixt 'em, till,
Their long Contentions do his Coffers fill.
Thus by his subtle Tricks he Wealthy grows,
But when he Dies, the Lord knows where he goes.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

THE Doctor next do's on the Stage appear,
To whose great Character pray lend an Ear ;
Altho' he cannot Latin speak, or Greek,
Yet he in Physick is not much to seek,
To Slay about some half a Score a Week.
For by the Virtue of a little Pill,
A Man as strong as Sampson he can kill ;
When Strumpets run the risque of sad Mishaps,
They run to him for Medicines for their Claps.

But he their Native Health will not restore,
Till they have giv'n it to a Hundred more;
In Bills and Books his Virtues out are Thunder'd,
Tho' where he Cures you one he Kills a Hundred.

THE RECRUITING CAPTAIN.

NExt struts a Blade, wh' had rather Eat than Fight,
For tho' a Captain he do' not delight;
To have his Bones Broke, he had rather see,
Good store of Faggots, than an Enemy:
Here he Recruiting in the Winters Comes,
Then Country Lasses pray beware your Burns.
For one Recruit he draws off from his Quarters,
He gets three for it, on your Maids and Daughters.
Bubbles his starving Soldiers of their Pay,
And by false Musters do's the Land betray.

A FLEET-STREET MADAM.

THIS Lady much in Pleasure doth Delight,
And takes her Walks in *Fleet-street* ev'ry Night.
The Furbelows she wears, Lac'd Shooes and Head,
Are yet unto the Tallyman Unpaid:
With Impudence, that's on her Fore-head Writ,
She looks for one that's for her purpose fit.
(Unhappy he that in her Hand doth Fall,)
She ruins not the Body, but Soul and all.
For Claps and Poverty do still attend,
Such Fools as take a Harlot for their Friend.

A TALLY-MAN.

AMongst the Fry a Tally-man steps in,
The eldest Child of *Ruin, Death and Sin*.
'Tis true he finds all needy Folks with Cloaths,
For which he makes 'em dearly pay thro the Nose:
Fifty *per Cent's* with him a moderate Gain,
Or farther wou'd his wretched Conscience strain;
And if they of their weekly Payments fail,
The griping Villains lays 'em fast in Goal:
More Ruin'd Souls are in his Churches lost,
Than Ship-wreck'd Vessels on the *Indian Coast*.

A BAILIFF.

WHich is the greater Plague, declare who can,
To oppress the World, the Master or the Man,

This

This Rogue do's duely on the other wait,
 In hopes to be supply'd with Humane Bait;
 Rare Blood-Hounds if they're put upon a Scent,
 And in a pair of Couples fit to hunt;
 What one invents, the other executes,
 Both void of Mercy, crueller than Brutes;
 Whene'er a Bailiff with the Sheriff Seals,
 The Devil's a Witness—and more justly deals.

AN EXCISE-MAN.

IF this Man's Character you're pleas'd to have,
 He must be once a Fool, and twice a Knave;
 When Idleness and Sotting break his Back,
 A broken Shop-keeper a Place doth lack.
 Well recommended, he perhaps gets in,
 And then out-do's the Devil himself in Sin:
 So the old Proverb—*If Old Nick you'd take,*
You must your Hook with an Excise-man bait.
 The Brewers Plague, unless he Bribes him well,
 And then his Soul he would for Money Sell;
 To Cheat the Queen he holds he is to blame,
 Unless in hand he's paid well for the same;
 But when he's catch'd, and can no longer reign,
 He's turn'd to his old Starving Trade again.

A PAWN-BROKER. [Grace,

THE next amongst these wretched Babes of
 The Honest Pawn-Broker doth take his place;
 Who when he did his Knavish Trade begin,
 He bargain'd with the Devil for his Sins.
 In taking Goods in, his old way is such,
 First he'll be sure he will not lend too much;
 That if he Sells them, as he means to do,
 The greater Profit may from thence accrue:
 So that when People would their Things redeem,
 Their Words are but a Laughing-stock for him;
 They're gone, the Rascal cries, and that's enough;
 Thus out of their Goods he do's poor People huff:
 But let him take good heed of Wrath Divine,
 The Devil at length will pay him in his Coin.

An APOTHECARY.

MAke room, good People, here's a Man of Fame,
Eleven Pence in the Shilling is his Christian Name,
 Pills, Pots and Glyster-Pipes his Coat of Arms,
 Which round his Shop like *Herrills* 'Scotchcoons swarms,
 If you are Sick, go to him to relieve ye; [me.
 And if he do's not make ye worse, Sirs, ne'er believe
 Then for a Bill he will his Conscience stretch,
 And bring ye one that shall to *Ruinford* reach.
 Beware his Pills and Cordials, if you're wise,
 For fear to Death you fall his Sacrifice.

A BAKER and MEAL-MAN.

THE Baker, who the Pillory ne'er fears,
 Will Cheat the Poor at th' hazard of his Ears,
 He and the Mealman daily do devise
 How they may make their Meal and Bread to rise?
 And if that can't be done, to play the Knave,
 You're sure short Weights and Measures for to have.
 So that altho' they Riches reap in Store,
 They're sure to have the Curses of the Poor.

An ALE-HOUSE-KEEPER.

Here's one that lives by other Peoples Sins,
 And in the World with Nothing first begins:
 But if his Fools—(for Fools he lives by most)
 Come in apace, he's soon a topping Host.
 Grows like a Porpoise, Idle, Drunk and Far,
 And grudges all that goes beside the Tap:
 Spend in his House an Hundred Pound, and try
 If you're in Want, or in a Goal do lie,
 Whether he one poor Six-pence will supply
 To gratifie your Wants—were Men but wise,
 There's very few that by the Tap would rise.

A VINTNER.

THE Vintners Trade in some degree preferring,
 Betwixt these two — *No Barrells better Herring.*
 Who e'er is weary of a wretched Life,
 Undone; or tie'd to Death by some curst Wife.
 And would be Poison'd — let him to th' Tavern run,
 I'll war'nt his Business will be quickly done.

Vintners no more they shou'd be call'd I say,
 But Wine-Brewers, since they have found the Way,
 Of Baldardashing to that cursed Rate,
 Who e'er Drinks Wine do's his own Death Create.

The Taylor, and Mantua-maker.

THE Taylor 'mongst his honest Crew appears,
 For he loves Cabbage, well as Cucumbers.
 He with his Customers so just do's deal,
 That where he cannot Cheat, he's sure to Steal.
 The Mantue-Maker need must Honest be,
 Instead of one Trade, she can practice three.
 And if at worst, Two of the Three shou'd fail,
 Sh' has still a good Employment with her Tail.
 These two just match'd we do together put,
 For well a Knave do's couple with a Slut.

A Car-man, and Water-man.

A Car-man is a Boisterous Employment,
 Swearing and Guzling is their chief Enjoyment;
 But in his Bus'ness he securely stands,
 There's few will take his Trade out of his Hands.
 The Water-man is a meer Hypocrite,
 As I can prove it, tho not out of spight:
 For how can he be counted any other,
 That Looks one way, and always Rows another.
 He is next Boat, he do's the People tell,
 And has good Business if he PLYS it well.

A COACH-MAN.

First let me tell you, in my Stable great
 I there am plagu'd with a curst Postillions fate;
 He it seems has got the Pox or Clap,
 By Kissing Joan for a piece of Mutton-Chop.
 Next little Miss as she abroad does ride,
 With Mistress Anne in Coach by her side;
 We were one Day admitted for to Drink,
 While Miss went you know where, one would think,
 If that little Devil did not return so soon,
 That she had like to've catch'd my Breeches down.
 My next is also a heavy Curse or worse,
 Mistress Anne has a small one out at Nurse.

The tenth, I have no time, the Coach doth stay
 So late each Night abroad with Ladies gay.
 The eleventh Plague is, seldom I go out,
 But in the Coach-Box, going the Town about.
 My twelfth is hard, my Vails are plaguy small,
 No Ladies do give Money at our Hall,
 'Tis out of Mode, Pox take take the Fashions all.

A FOOT-MAN

WH Y Neighbours I have liv'd it doth appear,
 In this Place almost Fourteen Year,
 My first Plague is, I have a Lady Bright,
 Is marry'd to an old fumbling doating Knight.
 My second is, that I am forc'd each Day,
 To supply his Place when he's out of the Way:
 The third is worse, she does me well maintain,
 But what is hard, she jealous doth remain.
 My fourth is, she plagues me every Day and Night,
 To be with her, this hanks my whole Delight.
 The fifth, if she would let me go and come,
 I could contented often stay at home.
 My sixth, she gives me Money in great store,
 I have no time to spend some out of Door.
 The seventh is, 'tis hard to be kept in,
 My eight to me a Prison is again.
 The ninth, my Lady will do what she please,
 My tenth, I fear a Consumption will she seize.
 The eleventh, then I fear will ruin all,
 If I by Death should chance to get a Fall.
 My twelfth is now grown Worse and Worse,
 My Masters Dead, and that's to me a Curse,
 The thirteenth is, she creeps too near me now,
 And I want help this fourteenth to allow,
 My fifteenth is, she is so monstrous kind,
 And thus to you I have declar'd my Mind.

A BUTLER.

MY Sorrows, Boys, are equal to you both,
 And to conceal them I shall be full loath.
 My first Plague is, I lay the Cloth each Meal,
 And wet my Knives of cursed ugly Steel.

My next Plague is, while I am gone again
To fetch my Guel, in comes our Cook Nan,
And steals a Lunnet to make a Sop i'th' Pan.
The third Plague is worse than all the rest,
They steal of Wine the right and very best.
My fourth is grown a dardled plaguy Thing,
My Lady after Dinner calls agen.
My eighth Plague is, I lost my Lady quite;
The ninth, out of Doors I turned was out-right.
The tenth was a Plague to seek a Place again,
But I have got one, so am out of Pain.
The eleventh is to take great care and heed,
Lest by my Folly I do a foolish Deed.
The twelfth Plague is, I am ship'd as I was before,
But I'll take care how I'm turn'd out of Door,
Or ever after Starve for being Poor.
The thirteenth Plague I shall to you declare,
I tore my New Coat, bought in Old Cloath-Fair.
The fourteenth Plague is, I have got a Wife
That craving is, loves Brandy as her Life.
My Fifteenth Plague is, that she does not Die,
If she were gone, how bravely live could I:

F I N I S

